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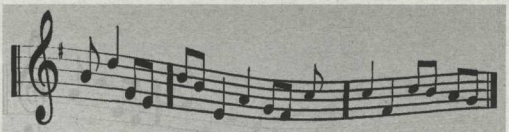

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editor's note

Dear *Discorder*,

Congratulations on turning 25!

I have to say, it is an oddity and an honour for me to be editing a publication that is the same age as I am. On my twenty-fifth birthday, which was incidentally last June, I spent much time with my family and quietly wrote a song in my bedroom very late at night. The song was about change; it looked back at what I'd been through and looked ahead at where I was going; it helped me develop a new perspective that combined both past and future. It looks as if you are doing the same thing with your anniversary issue.

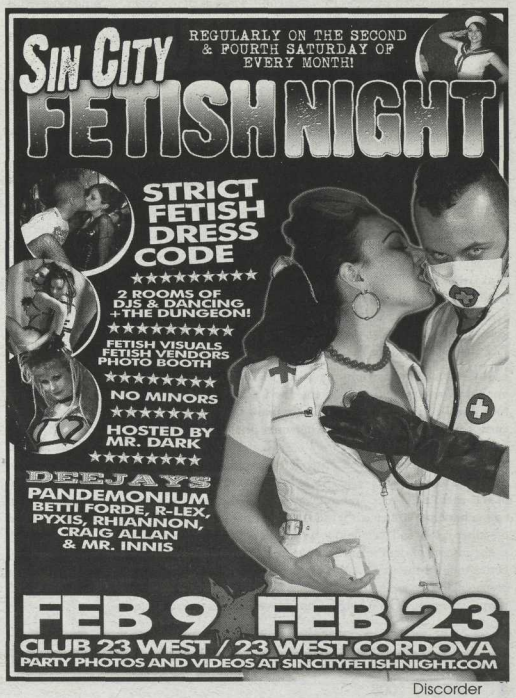
As usual, you have certainly spent time with your family in the independent music community this month. Our February issue features Corb Lund (p.10), one of the most successful, independent country/roots artists that Canada has seen in a long time. I had the pleasure of sitting down with Corb back in November, and after many years in the music industry, I was happy to see that he maintains an excitement about music, a twinkle in his eye, and a positive outlook about the future of his profession. That bodes well for up-and-coming artists like our two local features, Jeremy Fisher (p.12), who has just begun to break into the international scene, and The Painted Birds (p.13), a Vancouver band that is determined to make a living out of music. We were able to visit with the Wailin' Jennys in our "What The Folk"column (p.6), who shared their thoughts on folk music in today's industry, and will share their music with B.C. this month before heading out across the globe.

I'm thrilled to see, dear Discorder, that you have chosen to incorporate some aspects from days gone by, like the return of the full title on the cover and a more standard magazine formatting. I am even more stoked with the changes that you have encompassed in your new outlook. Readers can now expect a regular Q&A feature on the inside back cover (February hears from the Editors, one of the buzz bands coming out of the U.K. on page 27). We also welcome a new columnist, Chris Brandt, who will be contributing "The Biz" every month, a column covering various topics in the music industry (this month he talks about Starbucks' Hear Music on page 5). Visually, our Art Director, Cole Johnston, has designed a twenty-fifth anniversary crest (seen on the front cover) just for you, *Discorder*.

With any milestone such as this, it is important to thank all those who have helped the publication get this far. I would like to join you, *Discorder*, in sending a special thanks out to CiTR 101.9 FM for its ongoing support, and the independent and local music community that fills our pages each month.

All the best to you, Discorder--here's to the next 25!

~Nat Jay



RIFF RAFF

by

BRYCE DUNN

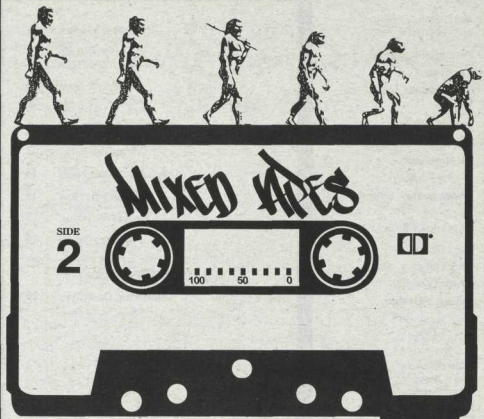
Welcome one and all to our first Riff Raff installment of 2008! The only resolution I'm going to make with regard to this column is to make sure you get the utmost satisfaction from listening to these records, as I do each month.

Let's begin with a blast from the past and a trip down memory lane for yours truly. Back in the day, I played in a garage band that covered a song by a sixties garage outfit whose song we learned from our guitar player. Because he only had a dubbed cassette copy, nothing was known about where the tune originated. All I did know was the song had this pounding, "Gloria"-styled verse driven by a wailing Farfisa, and the lyrics were typical "boy-loves-girl, will-do-anything-for-her" fluff. But when we added a couple guitar breaks, it gave it a boost that made it one of my favourite songs to play in our set. Years later, I discovered the name of the group, but all efforts to actually track it down proved fruitless until now. The group was known as **The Headstones** and the track "24 Hours (Everyday)" still sounds as vicious now as it did back in '66, thanks to the tireless efforts of Sundazed Records. Re-issued on 7" vinyl in all its crudely recorded glory, that track and the flip "Bad Day Blues" are two great reasons for me to stop sweating over this stuff and put the headphones on. Mission accomplished. (Sundazed Records, P.O. Box 85, Coxsackie NY 12051 USA www.sundazed.com).

A band that takes their name from a brand of home insulation, Detroit's **Tyvek** joins the roster of post-punk inspired, lo-fi lovin' bands that have graced the rock and roll landscape to date. Four tracks penned here, all of similar length and tone, but that's what makes it work. No nonsense, just catchy and tuneful, much like the Television Personalities-on-speed of "Frustration Rock," or the down-tuned garage punk stomper "Air Conditioner." There's a little something for everyone here. Recommended. (What's Your Rupture? Records, 225 W.13th St. NY, NY 10011 USA).

The op-art cover of **the Wooden Shjips** latest outing was enough to get me intrigued, and having not heard their brand of "new pyschedelia" before, I was pleasantly surprised. Taking cues from the past (most good sixties psychedelic music, as opposed to the free-jam, twenty-minute sitar solo kind) as well as the present (**Deerhunter**, **BJTM** et al.), they crafted two blissed-out, trance-inducing numbers in "Loose Lips" (which is NOT a **Chocolate Watchband** cover, so don't get your hopes up), and "Start To Dreaming." With an EP already released and a proper full-length on the way, this will give the Haight-Ashbury scene something new to drop acid to. (Sub Pop Records, P.O. Box 20367 Seattle WA 98102 USA www.subpop.com).

Lastly, two new items from my good pal Teddy over at Seeing Eye Records: everyone's favourite pizza party rockers, **The Coconut Coolouts**, and the explosive punk rock powder keg known as **CPC Gangbangs**. *The Coolouts* is the latest from Seattle's answer to **Devo** meeting **The Kingsmen** in a wind tunnel--fast, furious and full of fun. Whether you're twistin' to "Pizza Regret" or shimmy-shakin' to "Head Full Of Stones," there will be no dance step left undone, and your neighbours will want to join in on the festivities. *The Gangbangs* is the Montreal foursome's newest proclamation of war against the rock and roll status quo. "The Broken Glass" pummels your brain with a bass-line so fierce it'll send you running for the bomb shelter, all the while the off-kilter hooks and balladesque weirdness of " Rich Rich Rich" will be the soundtrack to the imminent demise of life as we know it. An apocalyptic prediction yes, but who better to send the weak and the meek of the music world to their doom? Better be prepared, for the seeing eye told you so. (Seeing Eye Records, P.O. Box 88202 Chinatown Vancouver BC V6A 4A5 Canada www.seeingeyerecords.com).



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mixtape

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"SUPERSTAR"
PITTBURGH SLIM
"1957"
BUCK 65
"ROC BOYS"
JAY-Z
"CATCH A BAD ONE"
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"DIRTY"
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STARBUCKS HEARS MUSIC BETTER THAN MAJOR RETAILERS

There is one reason—and only one reason—I can't blame people for downloading music: Music retail sucks. Unfortunately for those under 25, through no fault of your own, you have been robbed of the experience of going to your local music store to have the knowledge of the neighbourhood guru bestowed upon you. Does anyone remember the HMV on Robson Street? Not the current vacuum, but the disheveled little one just off Bute? It has been gone for years now. There were kids that used to drive up from Seattle a few times a year to see the metal expert on staff. They would just give him their budget, much like a six-year-old holding sour key rings in one hand and a mound of change in the other, asking the corner store clerk, "How much is this many?" This store carried local indies—lots of them. They even had a buyer on staff dedicated just to indie music.

Forget Future Shop or Best Buy—they don't even have music staff. They have one person in charge of music, movies and computer software. Even if you do catch them in the music department, they don't know the difference between Dido and Dio. The big box retailers have always used music as a loss leader; they don't care about stocking anything beyond the hits. Music is the dead chicken they hold up to the alligators to get them close to the camera.

The death nail for Vancouver music retail came when Virgin Megastore closed. Contrary to popular belief, it didn't close because it went out of business. In fact, it was quite the opposite. HMV was so desperate to get back into downtown Vancouver that they offered Virgin whatever they wanted for the space, and as the most profitable location in North America, they set an astronomical price. And HMV bit. But do you remember the listening posts? I used to spend three hours a week in there. They had over 200 CDs in listening posts at a time. The current HMV has less than 10. There is no opportunity for musical discovery anymore.

I submit, however, that there is a saviour set to return. Don't be dissuaded by his corporate look, he is your friend. Ladies and gentlemen, call your MP and have him petition Starbucks to bring their Hear Music stores to Canada. I have been reading about these for two years in U.S. magazines, drooling. I spent the holidays in L.A. and happened upon the Hear Music store in Santa Monica. I can honestly say I geeked out big time.

Hear Music stores are Starbucks locations with a full music store in the back. You can peruse the CD shelves while you sip your latte. But that's not the even cool part. You can gather a stack of CDs and pull up a stool in front of one of the many touch screens. Scan the barcode of the CD under the screen and it brings up the album and a full track listing. Next to each track is a plus sign. Click on the tracks that you want from the album and then scan your next album. At any time, you can swipe your free Hear Music card and it will record which songs you selected. You can do this over several visits, and when you are done you swipe your card again and select "Print CD." You are supplied with a number of different graphics options, and can include a little text to the disc itself. The tracks are 99 cents each and there is no extra cost for the gorgeous packaging. Not every song is available for burning (damn you Dinosaur Jr.!), but a lot are. I was able to listen to the new Rufus Wainwright album and include my three favourite tracks on my compilation.

Does this mean that the artist gets $2.97 instead of $15.99? Absolutely. But when faced with the all or nothing choice for the artists that did not have their songs available for download, I give them nothing.

We need this Mecca to come to Vancouver. In the meantime, we still have Zulu. God bless them for supporting indies and for hiring staff that know who Billy Preston is. Now, if they only served coffee.

Chris Brandt is the president of the Music BC Industry Association. He worked with Universal for nine years and is now the president of his own independent label, Cazart! Records. Chris was also a CiTR DJ for fourteen years.

LEGAL NOTICE OF CLASS ACTION CERTIFICATION

If you paid a parking or towing fine to the University of British Columbia, you have legal rights in a class action lawsuit.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

The British Columbia Supreme Court has certified a class action lawsuit about the parking and towing fines that have been collected by the University of British Columbia. The Court authorized this Legal Notice to guide you on the steps that you may need to take, if any.

The lawsuit claims that UBC has unlawfully collected parking and towing fines and must repay all of the parking and towing fines that it collected during the period of September 1, 1990 to September 30, 2007. UBC denies any wrongdoing and will defend the lawsuit. The Court has not yet made any decision on the merits of the claim or the defenses.

WHO'S INCLUDED?

You are a Class Member if you paid parking or towing fines to UBC between September 1, 1990 to September 30, 2007.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU LIVE IN BC?

If you are a Class Member who lives in British Columbia, you do not need to do anything to be a Class Member at this stage of the lawsuit.

If you do not want to be a Class Member who is legally bound by this lawsuit, you must exclude youself by **August 31, 2008.** To learn how to exclude yourself, contact the lawyers who represent the Class Members, Camp Fiorante Matthews, whose address is below.

If you exluce yourself from the lawsuit it means that you can bring your own lawsuit. It also means that you cannot collect any money that may ultimately be paid to Class Members as a result of the lawsuit.

WHAT IF YOU DON'T LIVE IN BC?

If you do not live in British Columbia and wish to participate in the lawsuit, you must take action to include yourself by **August 31, 2008.** To learn how to include yourself, contact the lawyers who represent the Class Members, Camp Fiorante Matthews, whose address is below.

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WHO PAYS THE LAWYERS?

If the lawsuit is not successful, you will not be responsible for any lawyer fees and costs.

If the lawsuit is successful, the lawyers who represent all the Class Members have an agreement with the representative plaintiff that allows them to be paid a percentage of the total amount that they obtain for the Class Members. The agreement can only be enforced if it is approved by the Court and the Court will approve the amount that is paid to the lawyers for the Class Members.

It is stongly recommended that you review the long form of this Legal Notice which can be obtained from the lawyers representing all of the Class Members, Camp Fiorante Matthews, and is on their website: www.cfmlawyers.ca/class_actions/UBCParkingFineClassAction.html.

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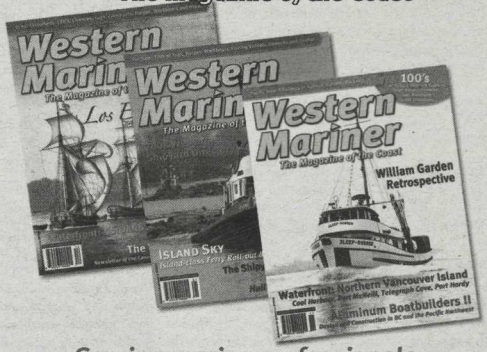

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FILM STRIPPED

by Andrea Warner

I'm Not There is a brilliant head-trip of a circus and its ring leader. In the spotlight of this chaotic and sumptuous visual extravaganza is the man behind the many myths: Bob Dylan.

It takes a lot of parts to make up the whole of any human being, but few figures have so blatantly confounded, entranced and ultimately served to exemplify an entire culture so completely as Bob Dylan. Six talented actors dig in to the bones of his enigmatic persona, the flesh made real by a superb supporting cast, and still at the film's end we're wondering what it all means.

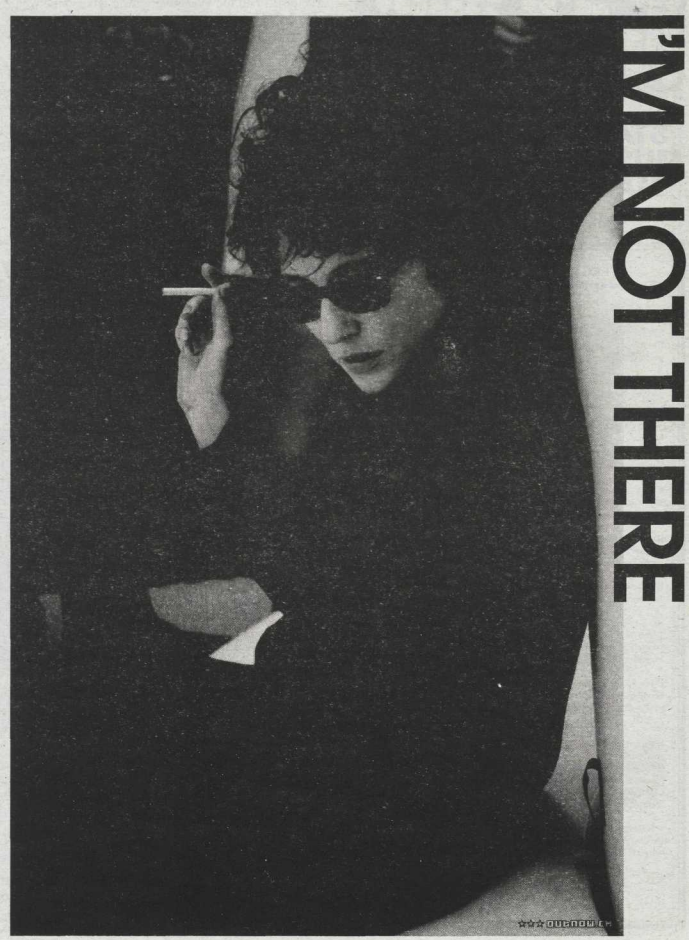
This is the beauty of a director like Todd Haynes tackling the mystery of Dylan: they both share a desire to stimulate the imagination and challenge preconceived notions, creating startlingly relatable characters out of the most indulgent and unappealing human traits.

Cate Blanchett as Jude Quinn is a standout amongst some truly wonderful performances, inhabiting Dylan's most destructive and arrogant side. She finds a brilliant sparring partner in Bruce Greenwood, the BBC arts reporter eager to demystify Quinn as a self-invented narcissist from New Jersey. Each scene between them is a tense and satisfying game of cat and mouse. In Blanchett's capable hands, every sentiment Quinn echoes is a fragile riddle that dissolves under too much scrutiny.

Marcus Carl Franklin as the 11-year-old, train-hopping child who calls himself Woody Guthrie, is an actor with great instincts and a remarkably mature voice. Heath Ledger and Charlotte Gainsbourg also shine as the couple that unravels under ego and success.

Throughout the film, we're always clawing at a never-ending glass surface that refracts images surreal and beautiful, raw and ugly, all hauntingly honest. We're forced to leave the theatre thinking about who we are in the grand scheme of things. Haynes, like Dylan, is a master at manipulating his audience, but we are all the richer for it. again that opposites can attract. Add on some gutsy artistic chemistry between Diana Fuchs and Martin Luther and you have all the elements needed for a fully original motion picture experience.

Beatles fans will be in awe as to how the filmmakers here have managed to use some of the band's lyrics in a story of two star-crossed lovers searching for peace. Hats off to Julie Taymor, who continues to deliver innovative experiences on the big screen, unafraid to cast relatively unknown actors who pack quite the punch in this far-flung journey that tests our sense of history, justice and pride.



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The Production Manager is the connection between Discorder Magazine and our printers. You will need to keep on top of printing costs, page imposition, colour use, press scheduling and sending the final PDFs to the printers at the end of production. You will schedule and organize the production of the magazine and organizing production planning meetings. During production, you will also assist the Art Director and Discorder Editor in putting the magazine together and keeping production on schedule. You are also responsible for keeping track of contributors' names and updating the masthead accordingly issue to issue. Additionally, the Production Manager plays a vital role in the editing process, and does much of the copyediting and proofreading.

Requirements:

Good working knowledge of Adobe Photoshop, Adobe InDesign, and Adobe Acrobat is crucial for this position during production weekend. An excellent grasp of English grammar, spelling, punctuation and word usage is also essential.

Knowledge of pre-press is an asset.

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This position requires a time commitment of approximately 20-30 hours per issue. You must be available on the last weekend of the month from Friday afternoon through Sunday evening for production in the Discorder office, and a few hours the week before production for editing and copyediting from home. Additional meetings (production planning, editorial and/or contributors' meetings) amount to a couple of hours during the month.

Compensation:

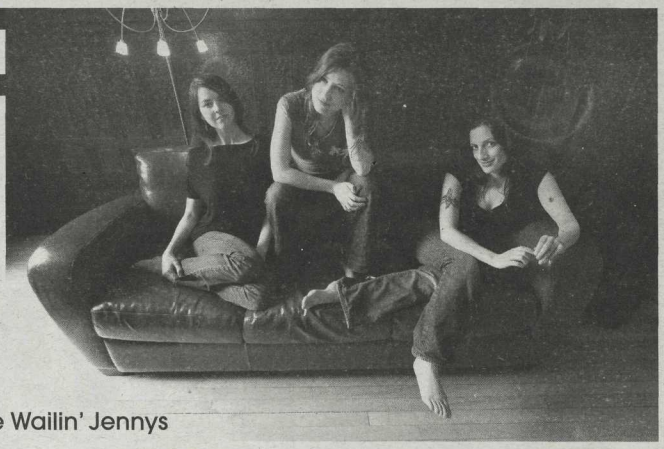
This is a volunteer position, but there is a small monthly honorarium of $50.00.

This position is ideal for a UBC journalism student looking for practical experience. If you are interested, contact Discorder's Editor, Nat Jay, at editor.discorder@gmail.com.

WIF

What The Folk

by Stacy Thomas



The Future of Folk is Bright for the Wailin' Jennys

Six years ago the Wailin' Jennys took the stage for the first time at an impromptu performance in a Winnipeg guitar store. Since then, they have conquered the Canadian folk music scene, winning various awards, including a Juno for their debut album, and earning a wide-ranging and devoted fan base. They have toured extensively, all the while managing to stay true to the reason they started doing this in the first place: "The sense of completeness and wholeness that can only come with three female voices."

On top of the frenzy that comes with an intense touring schedule and newfound popularity, founding members Nicky Mehta (mezzo) and Ruth Moody (soprano), both multi-instrumentalists, have had to deal with a seemingly revolving door of alto singers. The newest Jenny, Heather Masse of New York, is the second alto to replace founding member Cara Luft. Luft parted ways with the band in 2005 to pursue a solo career after the release of the Jennys' first album, *40 Days*. Annabelle Chvostek, the second alto to complete the trio, also left the group in favour of solo projects, but contributed to *Firecracker*, the Jenny' second award-winning record, before she fled to release two of her own albums.

Moody understands the desire to branch out. The reality of trying to build a band consisting of three singer/songwriters is that everyone is a soloist in their own right. "We do tour a lot," she says. "Nicky and I have a ridiculous amount of energy to tour, maybe to our detriment."

As for the latest Wailin' alto, Masse was already enjoying a healthy music career and a dedicated local fan base of her own before hooking up with Mehta and Moody. But, after a spontaneous audition held in a backstage bathroom in Philadelphia, it was clear that she was perfect for the Jennys. "We have stumbled on such a rich treasure," Moody says of Masse. "Her voice is just so round and warm."

The Wailin' Jennys' 2008 tour will take them to Alaska, all over the U.S., the U.K. and Ireland. In addition to their touring schedule, they will be spending down time on the road writing their next album. Moody is vague about the focus of the project. The original material will be similar to past efforts, she says, with obvious emphasis on vocals and roots instruments. Between them, the women play the guitar, banjo, accordion, ukulele, bodhran and fiddle. They've also been experimenting with new instruments; Nicky has taken up drums and Heather is bringing upright bass into the mix. There has been talk of a live collaboration, although Moody is careful not to drop any names. "Anything is possible," she teases. "You can't control what an album will sound like. The creation of an album is an organic process; it begins to take on a life of its own."

However, three girl singers is not a flexible formula—a complete chord is created by three notes. According to Moody, the resonance of three voices, especially three female voices, has a powerful effect on audiences. "People come away from our shows saying they had a spiritual experience," she says, a feeling the singer shares with the audience when on stage with the Jennys.

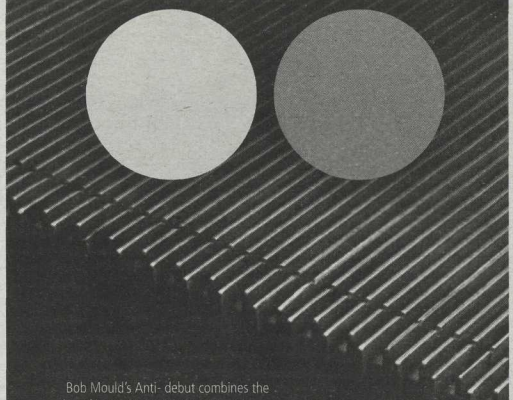
Where is the band headed? Moody feels the folk music scene in Canada is flourishing, every province with its own burgeoning roots scene, a phenomenon she attributes to the direction the music industry has taken in the last ten years. She believes that pop music has become so artificial that people are rejecting it, especially young people, and as a result, music fans are starting to seek out older genres and take an interest in the history of music.

"People want quality—something that is real, Moody says. "Stories need to be told. People need to move away from their television sets," Moody says, pointing out folk and roots music can now be heard on mainstream radio, which would have been impossible 15 years ago.

All in all, the Wailin' Jennys are optimistic about what's to come for the group. They have rich musical backgrounds, diverse styles, a new record in the works and a widening and more receptive audience than ever. As Moody puts it, "The future is bright."

Bob Mould District Line

LIVE
March 30th @ Richard's On Richards



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CORB LUND CANADA'S GENUINE MUSIC COWBOY

WITH A NEW RECORD IN HAND, THE MULTI-AWARD-WINNING ARTIST HITS THE CANADIAN TRAIL BRINGING TRADITIONAL COUNTRY TO OUR COUNTRY ONCE AGAIN

WORDS BY NAT JAY
IMAGES BY COLIN SMITH

There's something important in the air after the industry execs have fled the venue, the obligatory handshakes and flaunting of the new sound and new songs are through, and the merch table has concluded most of its business. What remains is the genuine and honest connection between artist and fan. This is a sensation that alt-country roots guy Corb Lund knows well as he looks out at a sea of happily inebriated and appreciative sing-along music lovers at Vancouver's Railway Club. With a two-show, unadvertised preview back in November, the Juno Award-winning singer/songwriter was here promoting his new record, *Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!*, and giving his fans (and the industry, of course) a taste of what's to come on his extensive cross-Canada tour that begins in B.C. this month.

Now onto his fifth album with his band, the aptly named Hurtin' Albertans, Corb Lund is a rare breed in the music industry in so many ways. Dubbed "Roots Artist of the Year" at last year's Canadian Country Music Awards, he is one of few traditional country artists who can kick it in front of a major label-governed mainstream audience, despite his steadfast relationship with indie labels worldwide. With so many independent artists emerging these days, Lund is hoping this trend will continue and bring new and deserving music to the public, including his own. "I think the best music has always come from the underground," says Lund. "There's always been a pattern where mainstream radio gets kind of tired, and whether Willie Nelson comes along and changes everything, or Nirvana comes along and kicks all the hair bands' asses, or the White Stripes come along and all of a sudden you hear them [everywhere], there's always something bubbling up in the underground. And I think that's where most of the real art is made."

Lund is certainly a real artist. Watching the musician onstage as he pulls listeners in with his songs and his humour, it's easy to see that he is authentic from head to toe. He is a real cowboy, with a lineage of pure buckles and boots behind him, and he sings what's in his blood. His lyrics prove he feels just as comfortable on a horse as he does on a stage, and with songs off *Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!*, like "The Horse I Rode in on" and its incredible title track, Lund brings fans into his own family history and western way of life.

Lund is also a legitimate storyteller, a species that is seriously endangered on today's music scene. This is another unique trait that he draws from his family background. "My grandfathers were both cattle ranchers, and they had old songs they knew from oral tradition that got handed down from person to person and they used to sing them [to me]. Now, music is a business, it's a career, but back then music, especially story songs and balladeering, was a way of preserving history."

As a storyteller, the subject of history is something that naturally interests Lund, and he includes these narratives throughout his latest album. Like several songs on *Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!*, the opening track, "I Wanna Be in the Cavalry," sets the scene for this, telling tales of war and even incorporating Celtic instrumentation to emphasize its historical meaning. "I never thought I'd really have any Celtic melodies, but I was writing a bunch of songs on mandolin this time and it kind of lends itself to those [kinds of melodies.] That song is loosely based in the American Civil War era, and that makes it a historically correct form of music for back then because there were a lot of Irish immigrants that went and fought in the civil war and they'd play Celtic songs."

Lund also touches on his own past through songs like "Especially a Paint," a beautiful ballad that reminisces about the difficulty of leaving his cowboy heritage behind in Alberta and choosing the life of a musician instead. While this album embraces a more serious tone than the last, which coined the humourous hit "The Truck Got Stuck," the songwriter also includes more light-hearted tracks on *Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!*, like "Family Reunion," which paints a colourful portrait of a Lund family gathering.

THE GENUINE COWBOY

"The cowboy image, the mythology of the cowboy—there was only a brief time when it really flourished, probably the mid-1800s to the early 1900s. And there are still cowboys now, but that was the golden age of the cowboy. Hollywood's taken that and made it into a gun-slingin', hat-wearin' thing. But the real truth of the life of a genuine cowboy is working with cattle and horses and the fundamental skills [that come along with that]. It's gotten to be such an icon and gained an image that gets further and further removed from that, and pretty soon it's rhinestone suits. But real cowboys are guys that work with the land and raise cattle, generally tend to be pretty independent-minded, and pull up their sleeves and get stuff done."

ACCORDING TO CORB LUND

It's clear fans are in for a musical and personal experience they won't soon forget in the upcoming Rattling Sabres Tour, which kicks off in Victoria on Feb. 19 and heads right across the country and back again, ending up in Lund's home in Edmonton on April 3. Corb Lund and the Hurtin' Albertans are looking forward to touring their own nation, but having spent a lot of time over the past couple of years touring outside of Canada, the band also hopes to continue developing its international following this year by heading abroad to the U.S., the U.K. and Australia.

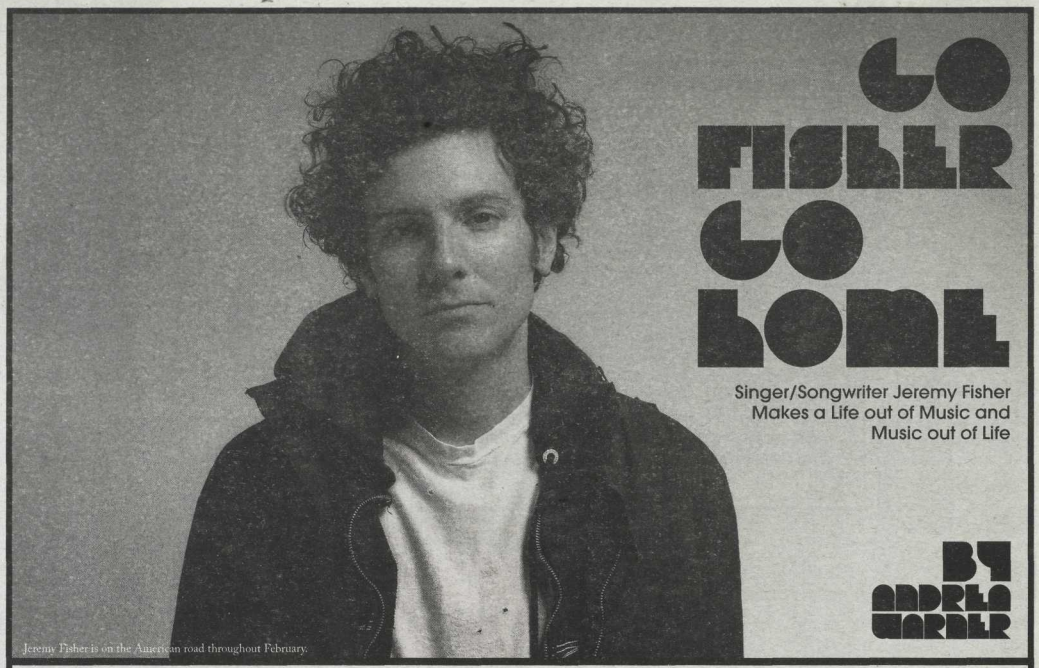
No matter where in the world his music takes him, the Canadian country star will always find a way to communicate with his audience by staying true to his roots. When it comes down to it, Corb Lund is not a complicated man. He has created a life for himself that combines the two things he loves the most: horses and music. And even after five albums, there's no doubt his career is still building. Following in the footsteps of other great singer/storytellers like Bob Dylan and Willie Nelson, Corb Lund may well wake up one day to legendary status. And how will he get there? He'll probably use the same tactic he once did for bull-riding:

"Keep your elbow bent, your ass up on your rope, and your toes stickin' out."

Yeah, that could work. D

What's in Corb Lund's stereo? Besides some old classics like Willie Nelson, Corb is listening to artists like Neko Case and Amy Winehouse.

Corb Lund and the Hurtin' Albertans play the Commodore Ballroom for two shows on Feb. 20 and 21.



Jeremy Fisher is on the American road throughout February.

GO FISHER GO HOME

Singer/Songwriter Jeremy Fisher Makes a Life out of Music and Music out of Life

BY ANDREA WARNER

Anything is possible in Jeremy Fisher's world, and it is this belief that has catapulted the Vancouver singer/songwriter into international success. It's the eve of Fisher's next American tour in support of his latest album, *Goodbye Blue Monday* (his third record in six years), and he's remarkably laid back for a man who is about to play some of the greatest independent venues the U.S. has to offer.

Fisher's come a long way from his humble beginnings, but he's always been a musician: studying piano at six years old, picking up the bass and guitar in his teens and, ultimately, composing and arranging in college. In fact, Fisher has made a full-time living almost entirely as a musician since he was a teenager.

"I've had three jobs that weren't related to music: leading canoe trips, washing dishes and being a bike mechanic," Fisher says. " I identify as much as a bike mechanic as I do as a musician, but I have a lot of opportunities as a musician right now, so that's what I'm doing."

Much of Fisher's success has been in creating his own opportunities. His first album, *Back Porch Spirituals*, was made in his friend's basement, and once it was complete, Fisher had to figure out how to get the CD into the public's hands. When he thought of his two previous cross-country bike trips and all of the people he'd met, and his years busking, he came up with an innovative and environmentally friendly plan: bike across North America playing shows in every city he could.

Fisher's unique approach to marketing *Spirituals*—30 booked shows and countless impromptu ones as fast as his legs could pedal him there—garnered him plenty of attention and caught the eye of a major record label. It also helped him forge a deep connection with a hugely loyal fan base throughout Canada and the U.S., as his years of playing on curbsides taught him how to captivate audiences in the most unlikely places.

"Busking, believe it or not," Fisher laughs, "is more nerve-wracking than playing at an open mic or something. You feel that much more vulnerable because you're playing a space that wasn't designed to be a venue. You have to be sensitive and convince people that that's what that space is for."

Busking's iffy reputation in Vancouver is something in which local musicians have to contend, but it can also be an opportunity for a musician to to hone his skills.

"A lot of people may see buskers as beggars or judge them harshly; you have to draw them in somehow if you want to make a living at it," Fisher explains. "It's good for getting over yourself."

Fisher's self-made video for "Cigarette," one of the hit songs from *Goodbye Blue Monday*, cost just $60 to make, and allowed him to learn animation to create a sweet, funny and slightly sad ode to addiction. Is it possible to know what to expect when you're at home molding a clay cigarette into various shapes and painstakingly editing thousands of consecutive shots together? So far "Cigarette" has become a viral hit on YouTube, reaching over two million views and counting.

"I wanted three million hits," Fisher jokes. "I'd just moved from Sony to Aquarius, and I wanted to try to make something fun, more of a concept. Animation's something I'd always wanted to do. When I have time on my hands, I like to make stuff. 'Cigarette' has done more for me than the two $40,000 videos I made with Sony."

This DIY aesthetic has certainly given the artist a strong connection with fans across the board. Fisher understands the importance of bringing art back into the music industry, and even now, with the support of a bigger independent label, he still manages to put his own quirky spin on everything he does.

"It's hard to impress someone with just a budget anymore," Fisher says. "I just wanted to make a little craft project and broadcast it out to the world. It's a great way to communicate."

Fisher's tenacity and determination have paid off. After signing last year with Wind-Up Records in the U.S., Fisher was booked for two nights in a row as the musical guest on *the Late Late Show with Craig Ferguson*. He's also appeared on CNN, and *Goodbye Blue Monday* has received enthusiastic reviews in numerous publications throughout North America. He toured throughout 2007, and is kicking off 2008 much the same way with several American dates this month and last.

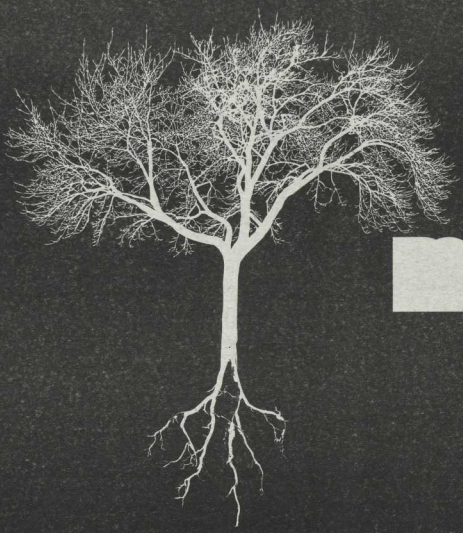
Fisher now finds himself in the unfamiliar position of being a role model or inspiration for other struggling artists hoping to emulate his success. His advice? "Get on your bike and tour across North America. It worked for me! Just go to any lengths necessary."

The overwhelming popularity of Jeremy Fisher's *Goodbye Blue Monday* is in part a response to his remarkable songwriting skills. Sensitivity is key to the bittersweet landscape of the album. Fisher's wry lyrics are worldly observations and knowing winks, reminding the listener that he's a storyteller who has been collecting tales from the road for many years now.

All types of characters seem to fill up his songs, and it is the singer's unique perspective that helps connect his fans so strongly to his music. From being thrown off the grounds of a Catholic church in Marysville, Ont., to being sprayed by underground sprinklers in the middle of the night in Saskatchewan, one story sticks out in his mind about the kindness of strangers.

"I was in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan [on the bike tour], and I was in this grocery store with all of my gear and my bike. There was this older guy ahead of me in line wearing a cowboy hat and he saw all my cycling stuff and my gear and he just paid for my groceries and walked out! He didn't even say anything to me. I had to chase after him to thank him and introduce myself."

PAINTING A FUTURE IN MUSIC



The Painted Birds play to sold-out crowds throughout most of 2010.

BY JACKIE WONG

THE PAINTED BIRDS GET JOBS AS MUSICIANS

So, you're an accountant, but all you want to do is sing? The Painted Birds suggest you quit your day job.

"Everybody has their priorities backwards," says Shawn Berke over morning coffee at Subeez restaurant. He plays bass, guitar and keyboards for his band the Painted Birds. "They're always concerned about the backup plan. Don't sit there and come up with a beautiful safety net backup plan, because you'll just sit on it. You should be thinking about the thing you want to do, and then if it doesn't work out, deal with it at that point."

Berke has been playing music seriously since he graduated high school in Salmon Arm. He has followed opportunities to Edmonton and Toronto, finally landing in Vancouver to reunite with hometown friend Dom Fricot, who handles vocals for the Painted Birds. The band is named for Jerzy Kosinki's novel, *The Painted Bird*, about a man who paints a bird and returns it to its flock. The flock kills the painted bird because it is seen as an intruder.

Like the one in the book, the members of the Painted Birds aren't afraid to be outsiders. "We've kind of gone beside the whole [Vancouver] scene, but we've attracted enough fans that I'd rather have [instead of] the scarf-wearing hipsters," says Fricot. "I've been to the hipster shows and a lot of the times, I'm like, 'These people aren't performers.' It's a weird aesthetic. A lot of times the music is great—but a lot of times, I'm just like,'Why can't the lead singer speak to the audience? Why is nobody saying anything?'"

And these guys should know how it's done. In just a little over two years of operation, the Painted Birds and their melody-driven, guitar-heavy rock have built a dedicated fan base across western Canada, recorded an album and toured extensively. No small feat for a band whose origins lie in the dusty days of open mic nights at UBC's Gallery pub, where guitarist Josh McNorton wrangled Fricot into jamming with him. "If I didn't have Shawn and Josh, and I was just pursuing [music] by myself, it would probably slow and it would probably peter," says Fricot. "If I was on my own, I'd probably write a nice song every year, but I'd never get anything done."

Fricot and Berke currently share a downtown apartment where they collaborate musically and tease each other about vacuuming to country music. Berke works at a record store to pay the bills and Fricot is finishing final classes toward a History degree at UBC. "This [band] feels like the career and everything else feels like the side," says Berke, who averages about 30 hours a week working on music. "We built this in such a way that giving up would be harder than continuing."

"From the very beginning, there was kind of an unwritten agreement between the two of us that we're going to do this, and we need time to do this, and we need time to do this seriously," adds Fricot, who has taken on various retail jobs to support himself while working with the band. While most people would fret over the lack of a steady job, the Painted Birds have launched themselves head-first into creative pursuits and made a bold decision to make music their top priority.

This attitude seems to be paying off as the Painted Birds plan to spread their wings and start touring again this month, with stops throughout B.C. and into Eastern Canada, landing in Toronto for Canadian Music Week in March. The band also has high hopes of nailing down some overseas dates and spending as much of the year on tour as possible.

"The scariest story for us to tell in the future would be to say, 'I could've done this, I had the talent, but I never tried,'" says Fricot. "I think facing your fears and your dreams, going out on a limb and taking a chance—I think that seems like a chance for greater loss than just sort of being mediocre, just keeping your nine to five where you're making 15 or 20 bucks an hour, but you're not really happy. You're doing pretty good and taking that chance is scarier. I think that's what you have to do. I think that's what life's all about."

FEBRUARY

4 **Miss Derringer, kokos, Musekellunge, Sounds of Silence @ *Cobalt***

Hard Rock Miners Singalong @ *Railway Club*

3 Puddle of Mudd @ *Commodore*

Sweetheart, Coast Ridley @ *Media Club*

5 **The Editors, Hot Hot Heat @ *Commodore***

The Greff @ *Media Club*

The Kon Tikis @ *Railway Club*

10 Matt Costa @ *Commodore*

The Meteors @ *Pat's Pub*

Cobra Starship @ *Plaza*

11 DJ Shadow and Cut Chemist, Kid Koala @ *Commodore*

Jim Bryson, Shuyler Jansen @ *Media Club*

12 Feist @ *Orpheum*

Poser Disposer, The Golers, Mudlark @ *Media Club*

Digging Roots, M'Girl, Twisted Siskel, Honky Tonk Soul @ *Railway Club*

17 **Marilyn Manson @ *Queen Elizabeth Theatre***

Ornette Coleman @ *Chan Centre*

Kay Kay and his Weathered Underground @ *Media Club*

18 **musica intima @ *the Roundhouse***

Mos Def @ *Croatian Cultural Centre*

John Mellencamp @ *PNE Coliseum*

19 All That Remains, Chimaira @ Croatian Cultural Centre

Justin Nozuka, Hayley Sales @ *Plaza*

The Unsupervised, Carsick, Tyson Nayler Quartet @ Railway Club

24

Angelique Kidjo @ *River Rock*

25

A Place to Bury Strangers, Holy Fuck @ *Richard's on Richards*

Misery Signals, A Textbook Tragedy, Savannah, Callahan @ *Astoria*

26 Johnny Winter @ *Yale*

Simian Rule, Red Cell, Terra Mortim @ *Media Club*

2008

1 Three Days Grace @ *Commodore*

Jesse Burch Band @ *Iguana's Beach Grill*

Young & Sexy, the Rub, Sleepy Holiday @ *Railway Club*

2 Grace Potter and the Nocturnals @ *Media Club*

Kill Rhythm, Nikki Hurst, Stampede Queen @ *Bourbon*

The Colorifics @ *Lime*

6 Paul Orscher @ *Yale*

Grand Theft Radio, Brother Nature, Thieves @ *Bourbon*

Blue Scholars, The Paper Chase @ *Media Club*

7 **Thrice @ *Croatian Cultural Centre***

Time Flies @ *Ironworks*

Todd Snider @ *Pat's Pub*

8 **The Sharkbites @ *Iguana's Bar and Grill***

Steve Dawson @ *St. James Hall*

9 Show Brazil @ *Commodore*

Big John Bates & the Voodoo Dollz @ *Red Room*

The Wailin' Jennys, Kelly Joe Phelps @ *Chan Centre*

13 Wyclef Jean @ *Commodore*

Tord Gustavsen Trio @ *Christ Church Cathedral*

Sonata Arctica @ *Plaza*

14 Sean Costello @ *Yale*

Crystal Pistol, Southern Death Threat @ *Plaza*

Christie Grace @ *Cellar Jazz*

15 **Spanish Harlem Orchestra @ *Commodore***

Mika @ *Orpheum*

MC Chris, Pinback @ *Richard's on Richards*

16 Wintersleep, Ladyhawk @ *Commodore*

Le Trio Joubran @ *St. James Hall*

Say Hi @ *Royal Unicorn Cabaret*

20 We Destroy Tokyo @ *Railway Club*

Nihilist Party @ *Cobalt*

Sia @ *Richard's on Richards*

21 Bonobo @ *Richard's on Richards*

Corb Lund @ *Commodore*

White Cowbell Oklahoma @ *Plaza*

22 Eoto, Fully Loaded @ *Media Club*

Mountain Goats @ *Richard's on Richards*

The Hives, the Donnas @ *Commodore*

23 Kirin Ahluwalia @ *Christ Church Cathedral*

Too Slim and the Taildraggers @ *Yale*

Josh Ritter, Emm Gryner @ *Commodore*

27 **Gregory Isaacs @ *Commodore***

28 Deborah Cox @ *Celebrities*

The Black Halos @ *Plaza*

Daniel Wesley @ *Commodore*

29 **Hinterland @ *Biltmore***

Chris Botti @ *Centre for the Performing Arts*

Missy Higgins @ *Plaza*

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UNDER REVIEW

KENT MCALISTER & THE IRON CHOIR
KENT MCALISTER & THE IRON CHOIR
(Independent)

If this album were a sandwich, it would be white bread with ketchup: boring, not very tasty and the kind of thing you might eat if your idea of a sandwich was white bread with butter and you were feeling a little crazy.

In other words, Kent McAlister seems to be lacking in inspiration. While he claims "Work work work/Well that's all I seem to do" in the opening track, "Circumstantial Dues," this statement seems contradictory as the entire record seems rushed and repetitive, with occasional trumpet noises and Spanish guitar riffs that just don't quite add up.

The songs generally all sound the same and lyrics like "I'm not saying I want you to drown/'cause I'd much rather have you around" may or may not provoke a gag reflex, or at least confuse the hell out of you. A few backup vocals here and there certainly add a little bit of spice, but not enough to avoid the disc from falling into the hands of underage girls who just want to two-step wearing their high heels and zebra print cowboy hats. So if you want to check it out, but you don't have the money to spend, you could trying heading out to your local country music bar—it's guaranteed to be playing on repeat until **Tim McGraw** does another duet with **Nelly**.

Lucy Lynch

SPIRAL BEACH
BALL
(Sparks Music)

"Teddy Black," which begins Spiral Beach's second release, can be deceiving: a thick bass line and wavering synths makes you think that *Ball* will inhabit the same slick Italo-disco as the After Dark compilation. But instead, this song follows a rockified **Chromatics** aesthetic and the remainder of the disc launches into an exploration of punchy, hip indie rock, akin to **Be Your Own Pet** with more production, or **You Say Party! We Say Die!** with less cheekiness.

And yet, *Ball* surpasses even those droll comparisons. Witness the Arabian oboe solo on interlude "Two Black Eyes;" the transition to soft, smooth vocals that cuts "Red Shoes" in twain; or the **Klaxons**-like propulsive rhythm that carries "Casual †" through to its end. "We Saw Ghosts" borrows **The Mars Volta**'s concept of sticking an ambient break in the middle of a song, but squeezes it down to a 40-second chunk with surprisingly effective results.

Spiral Beach seems to have struck a balance between originality and accessibility that's remarkable considering the relative lack of attention they have received. Time will tell what a spot at this year's SXSW does for them; regardless, they have produced a thoroughly enjoyable release in *Ball*, and will deserve any acclaim that comes their way.

Simon Foreman

SLOWCOASTER
FUTURE RADIO
(Company House Records)

Combining reggae, funk and fast-paced Marshall-stack rock, Nova Scotian group Slowcoaster delivers a set of spirited, angsty party tunes on their second full-length, *Future Radio*.

Though there is nothing revolutionary about the songs, nor the band's stylistic blend, they are most sincere in their nod of the hat to classic reggae and 90ss alt-rock. Their vibe is akin to that of West coast heroes Sublime, but more polished, and more about jamming than any meticulous song-crafting. It's a punk urgency underwritten by groovy, white-boy funk, a love of bona-fide reggae gone through a blender of beefed-up guitars, and a schizophrenic, water-tight rhythm section.

"Ten Birds" is a noteworthy tune, with its **James Brown**-style explosions, bongo breakdowns, and frontman Steven MacDougall's raspy bluntness – "Just like the times we get too high / and we forget to go outside." There is something interesting, and positively jarring, about the combination of jovial beach grooves and MacDougall spitting "Put black garbage bags up on your window."

In other places, lyrics are laid out with an awkwardness that is less enchanting, making way only for bland and vague snapshots of highways and girls. The band is strongest when storytelling is abandoned and the things are stripped back to basics: dynamic, hi-octane rock ("Rasta Flag"), and jamming underneath some good old territorial pride ("Holdin' Down the Fort").

Where *Future Radio* lacks in songwriting, it saves itself through raw energy and musicianship—the kind that can only be projected by a committed, hard-touring act like this one.

Mark Hewitt

MONGRELS
OSHAWA
(Weirdbeard Records)

The Mongrels' debut album, *Oshawa*, presents itself to the indie music scene as a beacon of hope for the revival of heavy metal bands that died out in the late 80s. Named after a rather industrial and noxious Ontario city, *Oshawa* brings out a raw wit that one could only overhear while working at a car-wrecking lot. There is far more to it, however, as the sextet borrows from **Zeppelin**'s mystical epic rock themes in songs such as "Contemplating the Wizard" which bring out that fantastical, metalesque sense of humor.

The album opens with "Bongo," a quasi-cacophonic guitar sludge of a song, not unlike **Iron Maiden** trying to imitate **the Darkness**. Seemingly angry, but actually fiercely hilarious lyrics surface in tracks "City Living" and "All In My Head," where they break out the gang chorus riffs in innocuous synchrony. Somehow taking tacky to cool, the Mongrels manage to include cowbell in the heart of the album, on "Needs Got Needs," which is a complete surprise. As far as vocals, this record is a solid effort by singer Amy Dyamite, who can rail like a freight train.

Coming full circle on this album, the Mongrels sound eerily like **Heart**. If anything, it is metal-rock that occasions electro synthetics, fronted by a hardcore female vocalist and five guys who probably have distastefully large hairstyles.

Miné Salkin

BARMITZVAH BROTHERS
LET'S EXPRESS OUR MOTIVES
(weewerk)

We are told as kids to never judge a book by its cover. However, sometimes this skill can be useful when becoming acquainted with an album—its cover art can play an important role in depicting whats inside. The cover of this album is of simple fashion and dons the title, "Let's Express Our Motives." It is with this simplicity that the Barmitzvah Brothers recorded their fifth full-length release. There is no trickery in what their motives were, as it too is written on the cover: to write "An Album of Under-Appreciated Job Songs." A worthy cause to adopt, each track allows the listener to intimately explore an extensive list of so-called under-valued careers, like dentitech, thrift store owner and book binder.

Let's Express Our Motives is a certainly mind-altering album filled with catchy, fun and amusing songs. The Barmitzvah Brothers are really hiding no secrets on this record, with well-crafted, stereotypically humorous lyrics. A quirky feature to help guide the rushed listener: inside the album sleeve is a list accurately labeling each of the songs and their respected genres, from "Danceable/Pop Hits" to "Just Ukulele."

Overall, a worthy album to have in the collection, with its unique minimalism and interactive listening experience.

Dustin Louis

SCOTT NORMANDY
MY FUTURE. MY PAST.
(Hyperbole Music)

My Future. My Past. is a groaner of a title—heavy-handed and loaded. It's perhaps meant to signify rumination, learning from one's mistakes, growing up. If you can wade through the symbolism, Scott Normandy has crafted a decent solo debut of gentle and inoffensive folk rock that should please both fans of "sensitive" rockers like **John Mayer** and, on its best tracks, **Blue Rodeo**.

My Future. My Past. works best when it lightens the mood and picks up the pace with a country-twang infusion of energy on tracks like "My Life" and "No Disguises." Unfortunately, the majority of the disc depends on quieter songs that sink the listener in profundity. "The Plea" repeatedly begs for answers about the meaning of life, and it's just one of several songs relying on this indulgent self-reflection.

(Pet peeve: The lyrics in the liner notes are riddled with faulty grammar, like 'your' instead of 'you're.')

There's no denying Normandy has a lovely voice and is a talented musician, but it's his next record that will determine more accurately if he goes the route of **Jim Cuddy** or **James Blunt**. Let's hope it's the former.

Andrea Warner

Johnossi
Johnossi
(V2 Music)

If only Johnossi had come along a few years back, the band might have caught the garage-rock revival that made **Jet** so instantly popular. This record isn't bad, and even if it was, there'd be an audience for it. It is, however, nothing to get excited about. The disc is a dialogue of sensitive moments mashed with sudden, yet predictable rock-outs. It is pop-rock through and through, and ordinary enough to please the masses, though not quite interesting enough to push any artistic boundaries. If Johnossi could successfully reproduce their record live with only their two band members, they'd probably put on a good show. It's the type of music that's more enjoyable with the aid of a four-beer swagger, anyway.

The stand out track on the self-titled North American debut is "Family Values," a personification of family members in American landmarks. Simple four-four rock records need moments of relief and this track serves nicely. The occasional clever lyric, interesting turn of melody and radio-friendly accessibility has gotten the group this far, and you just might see them opening for a big band at a half-sold-out stadium, playing with the lights still on as people file in.

On another note, the band members have crafted their stage name by blending their real given names together: "John" and "Ossi." The only excuse for such a crime is that they're from Sweden, where, to their credit, there might be different ideas about what constitutes as "lame" (please google: **RyanDan B44**).

Ronny Jotten

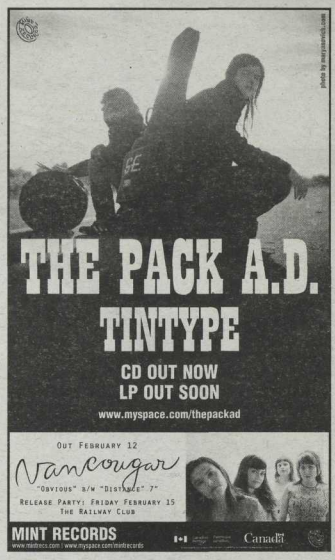
The Wind Whistles
Window Sills
(Independent)

On more than one occasion, Tom Prilesky, one half of the Vancouver-based duo that makes up the Wind Whistles, croons and weaves words eerily like **Decemberists** frontman **Colin Meloy**. This isn't too strange, seeing as their debut album, *Window Sills*, is a positively folksy affair. Prilesky drops lyrics like "sail my ship to Africa," "I'll meet you out on the train," and similarly vagabond-like vocals that echo themes in many a Decemberist song. Where these folktale similarities end, Prilesky and fellow-Wind Whistle Liza Moser branch out on a risky limb, take some friends along for the ride, and hold on tight.

Window Sills is a veritable jam session as the Whistles invite various talents to sing along, compose and strum, resulting in a compilation of simple songs that sound like friends making music in somebody's basement. Scratch that: Friends making music in a rustic cabin, on an island, surrounded by wild deer and a wooded glen. When night falls, they all keep jamming, a melancholy ballad emerges here and there (the captivating "River"), and in the morning friendships are stronger and good prospers over evil ("Good friends won't rip you off" is so feel-good it hurts).

The reality is that the disc was mixed and recorded in a local studio, but you can hear the rich fantasies behind the tunes. These are songs that tell stories—solid harmonies with a diversity that could only be achieved by having eighteen performers rally together on twelve tight tracks.

Katie Nanton



Edwyn Collins
Home Again
(Heavenly/EMI)

Edwyn Collins's *Home Again* is a comeback in every sense of the word. On a personal level, it's a rebound from tragedy, coming shortly after two cerebral hemorrhages that nearly killed the songwriter, leaving him partially paralyzed and now working on a lengthy rehabilitation program. And on a musical level, this sixth solo album by the former **Orange Juice** frontman is arguably his strongest and most satisfying piece of work in years—one that bounces back from a string of unfairly received albums and may finally convince North Americans that there's a lot more to the 48-year-old than "A Girl like You."

With the U.K. songwriter's distinctive mix of Euro white-boy R&B and morose folk-like wanderings, *Home Again* explores themes of redemption, inner-peace and, most of all, the soul. And considering the album was written and recorded before Collins's misfortune, it can be eerie and downright heartbreaking at times, playing out like he somehow knew what was coming and this was his last chance to set it all straight. But the record is not an entirely bleak and dismal affair, with Collins keeping his sharp and biting sense of humour intact and penning some of his catchiest tunes in over a decade, such as the infectious "You'll Never Know (My Love)" and "One Tack Mind."

At its core, *Home Again* is a rare and brutally honest glimpse into a songwriter and one that makes you glad Collins is still with us.

Brock Thiessen

Mikey Manville
Broken Arms
(Sandbag Records)

Is it true that uncharted territory is either a scary no-mans land, or a promising adventure full of plentiful reward?

With **The Manvils**' hard rocking frontman Mikey Manville and his solo album release, *Broken Arms*, that crossover takes the form of soft-sung poetics replacing aggressive singing and strumming on his thirteen-track debut. In terms of vocal strength, Manville can pull it off in a way that not a lot of rock-band vocal chords could (or would want to) dream of doing. His distinctive, vulnerable singing has a lilt that can't be replicated. Lyrically, the emotion is tangible. Brave and beautiful lyrics abound, like on "Fall Back," which laments, "Oh, what can be done when the angels have left us/ so hard to believe that it's you." A close listen reveals more gems ("why is my heart made of glass sometimes?"), but lyrics and voice alone do not a great song make. Similar harmonic and rhythmic qualities result in an unfortunate blending of songs, making each little less distinct as the next plays. One or two stand out from the rest, but by track 10 it feels like an effort to listen out for those winning words and be loyal to that voice.

Uncharted territory doesn't have to be clear-cut barrenness or bounty, but, as Manville proves, a fertile ground to grow upon.

Katie Nanton

Kevin Kane
How to Build a Lighthouse
(Bongo Beat)

Having gone solo since his heyday in B.C.'s own legendary pop outfit, **the Grapes of Wrath**, Kevin Kane releases his first long-player since then to be backed by a full band, and there are few signs of dwindling inspiration.

A smooth, understated vigor is prevalent, and stylistically, it's not unlike a Grapes album. However, with its traces of **Big Star**, and even a glimpse or two of the sharp, tambourine-in-the-garage glee of an early **Who** or **Kinks** (see "No Black Dots" and the Canadian road diary, "No Postcards"), *How to Build a Lighthouse*'s flavour is more 60s than 80s. The sensible production gives Kane's compositions the space they need, even though at times it's at risk of letting the songs flatly meander.

The record chiefly sees Kane float through a series of soft, introspective tunes, like a straight-and-narrow incarnation of **Syd Barrett**. And sure enough, Kane offers a great rendition of the kooky Barrett/**Pink Floyd** classic "Arnold Layne." The graceful and infectiousness opener "Last to Know" is also a highlight.

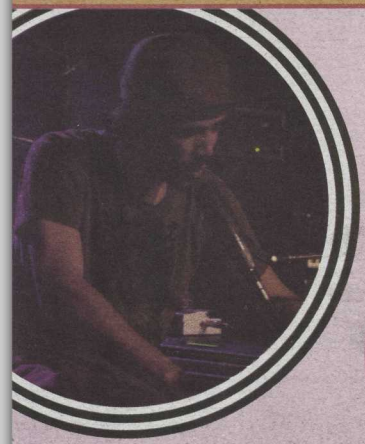
Though the knockout hooks are few and far between, the subtlety and the slow wandering of *How to Build a Lighthouse* are essential parts of Kane's charm. The bittersweet wisdom that punctuates his lyrics—particularly in the final tracks, "Nothing Left" and "Sputnik"—needs a few listens to unearth. Overall it's a reminder not only of Kane's retention of quality, but also that good records don't always beat you over the head.

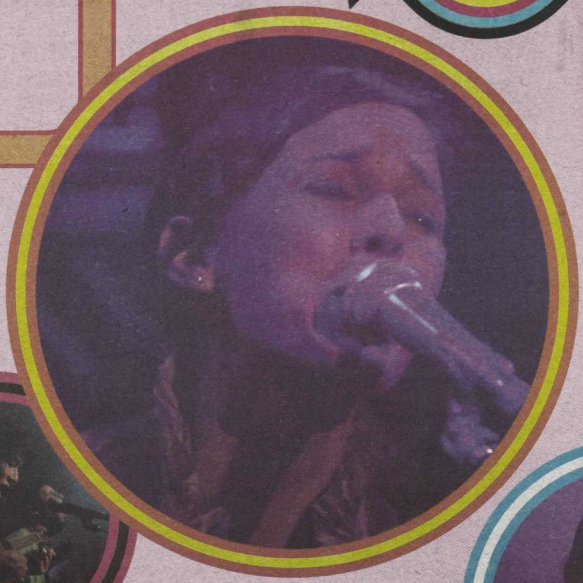
Mark Hewitt

TRANSMISSION

Music and Digital Technology Conference & Festival

words and photos
by JORDIE SPARKLE





Vancouver recently hosted the second annual Transmission Festival, a forum that allows industry professionals to brainstorm solutions for music in the digital age—during the day, that is.

At night, Transmission turned into one big party, gathering hot acts from right across Canada and around the world, and introducing participants to some new talent. During the three-night festival in December, if you were savvy enough to catch on to the Facebook group, pick up one of the gift passes at a local record store, or convince the organizers you were legitimate media personnel, then you had earned the right to rub shoulders with record execs and catch the ample performances at the Centre for Digital Media on Great Northern Way.

Attendees were hustled between two rooms by CBC Radio 3 host, Linda Christiansen, who would give each band a brief and enthusiastic intro. Running at lightning pace, the crowd was given a minute tops to hurry to the next room before the next band started, which sometimes occurred as soon as the final chords of the previous act faded.

The three-member Plants and Animals opened one of the nights, playing some excellent indie rock that was a little on the experimental side, with slow builds and folky vocals. They also opened for Montrealer Patrick Watson, who graced the Transmission stage the day before his sold-out show at Richard's on Richards. With a full band to back him, Watson kept his set floating with spacey piano jams and his distinctive high voice, choosing towards the end to step into the crowd to play a couple acoustic songs. Watson was dangerously cynical of the conference, saying to the crowd laden with record execs: "You guys talkin' about downloading? Limewire's getting' faster. Whatever. Shit happens. We're all fucked, aren't we?"

The bands were fairly aware that they were being flaunted to the industry and some were smart enough to draw attention to it. Like the Acorn's lead singer, Rolf Klausener, who, in the middle of their heartfelt folk-rock set, said, "This is better than the womb; there's a pull quote for you, Transmission."

Other acts included Smoosh, who played their unique power-pop, adding a cover of Bloc Party's "This Modern Love" to the mix. Shout Out Out Out Out managed to get a few members of the crowd dancing to a high-energy set, heavy on bass, drums and vocoder. The group's crowded onstage presence and extended dance numbers stick out as one of Canada's best live electro-house acts. And Meiko, a singer/songwriter from L.A. with a mandolin and stand-up bass for backing, quickly won over the entire room with before she'd even struck a note.

On the festival's flop list, the members of Die Mannequin only managed to appear interesting until they opened their mouths. At this point, it became apparent that they had some of the least talented and least unique vocalists in the business. However, they did have a girl in bootie shorts. Vancouver Island's Haley Sales sounded like Corinne Bailey Rae, with less skill (if you can imagine something so dull). Singer/Songwriter Clare Bowditch is apparently a big hit Down Under, though it was hard to see why. She was missing her band, which could have been why she was coasting on her voice.

After three nights and 19 bands, fans and industry heavies alike were ready for a sit down. Too bad there wasn't a free chair in sight.

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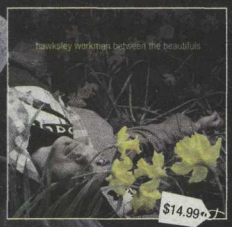

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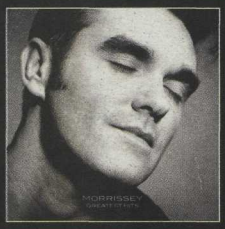

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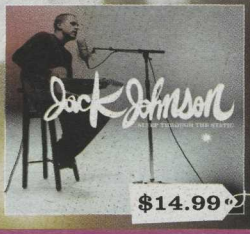

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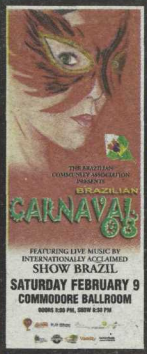

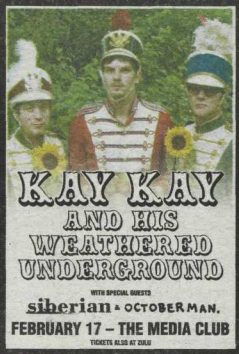

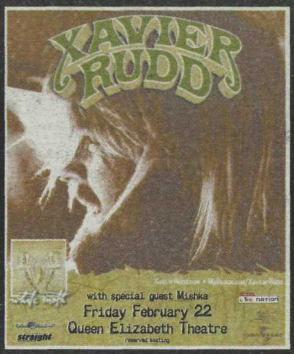

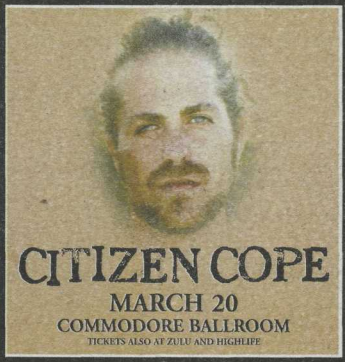

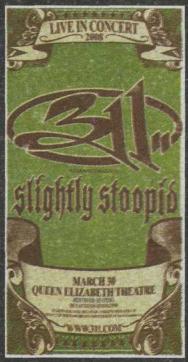

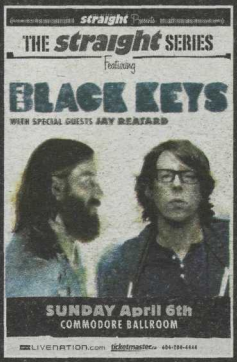

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REALLIFE ACTION

Les Savy Fav
+ The Dodos

Richard's On Richards
December 1

A **Les Savy Fav** show is like a tour in 'Nam: it sticks with you, repeatedly rearing its head in your memory whether you like it or not. Thankfully, the concert flashbacks will be pleasant, though, or at least those from the group's recent Vancouver stop will be.

But as impressive as Les Savy Fav's set proved to be, openers and Frenchkiss label mates **the Dodos** were rather forgettable. While the San Francisco duo's hazy, blues-styled numbers were decent enough, they lacked that spark of originality needed to make them worth getting excited about. Yet judging by the positive crowd reaction, many in attendance could disagree.

Sub-par opening act or not, Les Savy Fav quickly made up for any possible shortcoming in the night's entertainment. Opening with the one-two punch of "The Equestrian" and "Patty Lee" from last year's *Let's Stay Friends*, the band set into some full-on rock action. Focusing heavily—perhaps too heavily—on newer material, the group bashed out their eccentric post-punk signature with a lot of piss in their vinegar and like the greying pros that they are. Perhaps the set was rougher than the group's last Vancouver visit, yet not too rough for any well-founded complaints.

And like all Les Savy Fav shows, the ever-entertaining frontman Tim Harrington was the obvious highlight. Starting the show cloaked in native Inuit garb—complete with one hand masked in fur and the other clenching a microphone affixed to a tea kettle—and being topless by song four, his bear-like frame crashed throughout the bar: on the stage, in the crowd, just below the balcony as he sucked a gentleman's boot. He rarely stood still, delivering one amusing antic after another—a performance that has developed into a bit of a shtick, but nevertheless a good one.

Throughout the night, Les Savy Fav seldom offered a dull moment, and with rumours flying that this could be the band's final tour, it was good to see they can still make their show one worthy of a long-standing memory.

Brock Thiessen

The Teenagers

Richard's On Richards
January 18

Every Friday, indie scenester kids pack Richard's on Richards and party away at *½ Alive*, a "hands up sing along dance party" where DJs spin club edits while drinking, dancing and then drinking some more. But this particular Friday, Parisian pop-electro-rock group **the Teenagers** were in town. And judging by how Dick's on Dicks was packed wall to wall, it seems Vancouver got the memo.

What sets the Teenagers apart from other scenester bands is their apparent lack of conventional musical talent—not that that's a bad thing. In fact, this same basement-mixed indie aesthetic jettisoned many other unconventionally talented musicians like **Kimya Dawson** to stardom. To elaborate, vocalist Quentin Delafon does not have an especially dynamic vocal range, and the band's sound is much too treble-heavy to make the most out of Michael Szpiner's simple, yet addictive, bass loops. Guitarist Dorian Dumont's riff-work and melodic plucking also escalates the band's overall sound to something more mature than a standard three-chord song progression, but as a whole, the band comes off sounding like a sloppier **New Young Pony Club**. However, the French rockers still make the most of a shaky grasp of English and turn singles like "Homecoming" into obscenity-laced adolescent anthems with lines like "I fucked my American cunt/I loved my English romance."

Taking the stage with all the nonchalance of actual teenagers, the band hit the familiar opening chords of "Starlett Johansson" as Delafon eased into a rhythmic spoken word groove. After their opening number, though, the performance lulled into an unremarkable six-song somnambulance before picking up again with MySpace singles "Fuck Nicole" and "Homecoming." Delafon thrashed his arms about onstage, looking like a cross between a young **Morrissey** and a self-portrait of **Egon Schiele**, while the crowd sang and swore loudly along. But with the obvious highlights of the show over, the new rave power ballad "End of the Road" ended the show not with a bang, but a whimper.

The Teenagers have plenty of potential. But if their show at Richard's on Richards was any indication, their live shows need to do some growing up.

Benjamin Luk

Sweatshop Union

Sonar
January 12

Taking a first look at the politically and socially conscience **Sweatshop Union**, I instantly had visions of 'N Sync. It wasn't that the Vancouver-based hip-hop group belted out love songs all night or concentrated on performing to their large female following, but because of the way each of the seven members rotated to allow one another the spotlight; that, and the energetic MC's switching from their fast-paced rhyming style to a higher, more harmonic mode.

But if it was Sweatshop's frenetic joy that made concert-goers smile, it was their lyrical presentation that enlightened them, who were primed and ready after a special guest appearance by **Moka Only**. During the Sweatshop Union's two-hour set, the crowd sang along to the powerfully intelligent words of tracks such as "I Got News," a song about the strains of being a successful recording artist and the toll it can take on your family, and "The Thing About It," an honest account of being a slave to the establishment. And keeping the audience moving throughout it all was DJ Itchy Ron's simple, yet unique, beats, as well as Kyprios, who delivered some deep spoken-word and gave the show some added personality.

On a whole, the Sweatshop Union were a tight-knit unit of sound, putting on an exciting show that will have people flocking to see them again.

Sarshar Hosseinnia

Bison
+ Ladyhawk, Jaws

Richard's On Richards
December 10

It took me missing well over a month's worth of local bills at the reopened Astoria to finally get out there again, and did I ever choose one hell of a barn-shaker to get reacquainted. While the draw of the night was **Ladyhawk**'s return to the stage after finishing their upcoming sophomore effort, *Shots*, in tow were openers **Jaws** and, reputedly Vancouver's loudest large 'm' Metal revivalists, **Bison**.

The lineup was down the block when I arrived, and by halfway through Jaws's set, the room was already in full-blown pit mode. Jaws dutifully wagged their long hair around in rhythm with their chugging soundtrack, and the pit responded well to their genuine, if not unique, metal treatment of skate-meets-skinhead hardcore. Really, Ladyhawk couldn't have asked for a more impassioned setup.

And while I was stoked to see Ladyhawk again, I was left with mixed feelings about their set. The new tracks debuted that night had a notably tighter, slightly proggier feel to them and was executed as effortlessly as usual, but the songs left me wanting more of that freedom-rock vibe from their earlier material. However, I'm actually now more curious to hear *Shots* when it's released on March 4 to determine if it was just the muffled acoustics that turned me off or the shift in direction. Nevertheless, frontman Duffy attacked his vocal duties like he was preaching the Ladyhawk gospel, while guitarist Darcy fluidly coaxed magical sounds out of the feedback. Drummer Ryan also even played guitar and sang for a song.

Once Ladyhawk bought the rawk, Bison got the place super sweaty. The band, a veritable sea of flying long metal hair and melodic din, proceeded to mesmerize the audience in a far more aggressive fashion. It's been a long time since a set of live music had me fear for my safety, as I dodged flying shoes, bodies, drunks and glasses. It was almost like I blinked while protecting myself from the surrounding chaos and missed the performance onstage. But if nothing else, I admired how the metalheads, punks and indie-poppers rawked in unity that night—a wondrous re-introduction for me to the always unique Astoria experience.

Spike Chilton

Don Cabellero
+ The Enablers

Richard's On Richards
December 10

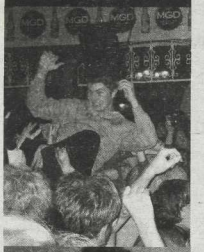
Well it's 10 o'clock on a Saturday and that's exactly how many people are in the room. **Don Cab** at one time made it okay to pull out your thrift store **ELP** and **Van Der Graff Generator** albums and not be laughed out of the room, but 10 years down the road, a new generation of music nerds seem to not give a shit about math rock anymore.

Opening act **the Enablers** didn't show any signs of disappointment by the limp turnout as they plowed through an intriguing set. With two Telecasters, no bass and a singer who could out pose **Freddie Mercury**, I didn't really know what to make of it all, but there were some interesting moments.

Richard's started to fill up with a few more bodies by the time the "Biggest Assholes in Indie," Don Cabellero, took the stage. Frontman/drummer/mouthpiece Damon Che seemed to be in quite a jovial mood, telling jokes (albeit unfunny ones) at any given moment of silence, as the band stuck to material mostly from their last release, *World Class Listening Problem*. Love him or hate him, Che is an amazing drummer, and just watching him pound the skins is enough to tire a mere onlooker out.

However, there was just something missing from it all. I haven't put on one of their records since, and probably won't for a while. Fuck, I'm old.

Luke Meat



SHARON JONES & THE DAP-KINGS
+ MEGATRON, BINKY GRIPTITE

Commodore Ballroom
December 9

For fans of **Sharon Jones & the Daptone** stable of talent, Dec. 9 marked a sensational soul revue of **Stax-Volt** proportions. **Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings** are renowned the world over for their energetic down-home soul-funk workouts and their sold-out Commodore Ballroom performance showed Vancouver why.

The night's openers were Bellingham's **Megatron**, who channelled **the Brass Construction** in danceable jazz-funk numbers like "Funky Turnip" and "Pink Flamingo Nightmare," followed by Dap-Kings guitarist **Binky Griptite** (leader of his own side project, **the Mellomatics**), who kept the funk alive with "What Time" and the **Archie Bell**-esque "Mellomatic Mood." Then Sharon Jones took the stage.

After a brief technical issue with the microphones, Jones announced, "Vancouver, I'm glad to be back!" and launched into "I'm Not Gonna Cry" followed by "Nobody's Baby" from her new album, 100 Days, 100 Nights. What came after was a definite highlight of the evening, with Sharon Jones leading everyone through a funkified history of soul that drew on her African and Native American roots, soundtracked by the Dap-Kings. Other highlights were numbers like "How Do Let a Good Man Down?" (from their previous album, Naturally), "Let Them Knock" and "Genuine," in which guests from the audience were invited on stage for an opportunity to workout Sharon Jones-style.

After a cavernous "Happy Birthday" to Dap-Kings trumpeter Dave Guy, the show concluded with "You're Gonna Get It," "Be Easy" and "My Man is a Mean Man." The inevitable encore brought on a fantastic tribute to fellow Augusta, Georgia, native, **James Brown**, complete with a rendition of "It's a Man's Man's World."

Satisfied, the audience had enough hot, buttered soul to last all winter and beyond.

Jason Colantonio

THE ALL STAR ASSASSINS
+ THE SPINOFFS, THE HEXTALLS

Railway Club
January 19

Vancouver hardly ever gets pop-punk bills like this. For those enamored with the short and catchy tunes first made famous by bands like **the Ramones** and **the Descendents**, this show was a dream come true. It also marked special occasions for the bands: **the All Star Assassins'** CD release show, **the Hextalls'** first show in seven years, **the Isoptopes'** first show ever and one of the Spinoffs' few rare live appearances.

The Isotopes, who one could consider the mutant child of various local bands (the Badamps, the Jolts and the Spinoffs), are Vancouver's premier pop-punk baseball-Simpsons-inspired band, and even though their set was only four-songs long, I can't say that I was disappointed at all. The next band, the Hextalls, hailed from Kamloops, and apparently they were having a reunion-type show. Their short but infectious tunes got the crowd jumping and dancing, and I was just happily entertained by the band's witty banter about **Tom Cruise** and their dog's balls.

As for **the Spinoffs**, I cannot even remember the last time I got to see them play, making me excited to see what they had in store. This time out, they added more fuel to the pop-punk fire by bringing an ex-**Badamps** member to their roster, with their catchy hooks and lyrics about girls just reminding me of why I fucking love the B.C. pop-punk scene.

The last band of the night, the All Star Assassins, also hailed from Kamloops. Celebrating the release of a new full-length, the ASA put on quite the show, complete with insanely catchy songs, free CDs and that all-too-familiar carefree pop-punk vibe. Though not everyone who originally showed up lasted until the end, nothing could have deterred the band from having the best time playing on stage. 'Twas a most boisterous night for bands and fans alike.

Marielle Kho

DAN WERB (OF WOODHANDS)
+ CHRIS-A-RIFFIC, AARON REDD

Little Mountain Studios
January 9

It was a cold, snowy night when Little Mountain Studios opened its back-alley entrance for an evening of musical entertainment. Thankfully for the crowd, warming up the room was **Emmett Hall**, the piano player for the Sunday Service improv team, who MC'd the night and played some tunes of his own. After finishing, he introduced Sunday Service improvver **Aaron Read**.

Read was a one-man band with a warbly voice reminiscent of **Neutral Milk Hotel's Jeff Mangum**. The music itself was simple but, considering he was playing every part, a feat nonetheless; guitar, banjo, harmonica, vocals and percussion were all played simultaneously by Read. He flubbed a few times but picked up the slack with humour and charm. Read finished his set with a hip-hop track with another Sunday Service member, Ryan Bell, and together they performed under their alter-ego, **Spicy Dinosaur**. Heavy on Vancouver content, the closing number struck a chord with its audience who in which the in-jokes were aimed at.

Chris-a-Riffic, older brother to everyone in Vancouver's music scene, was up next. Riffic interacted constantly with the audience in between his personal piano-pop tunes, and his high energy was a fitting follow-up to the improvvers-turned-musicians shenanigans. Partner in crime **Alison Therriault** improvised a track on the drum set that had been left behind on stage, giving a very organic feel to the performance, which was notable for its spontaneity.

Dan Werb, the lead singer of Toronto's **Woodhands**, warned the audience to expect something a little different from the openers, telling us all to "Get ready for the sad train." What he played was not only different from the openers, but also from Woodhands' repertoire. Gone were the drums machines and synths; it was just Werb and a piano. Thankfully, he is an accomplished pianist whose music is delicate and elegantly composed. He would sing only occasionally, but when he didn't, it felt more like a piano recital than a concert, which bored some of the audience and had them all shouting for a song with words when given the choice. Werb is an excellent composer, though, and even though his music didn't fit with the night, it was still appreciated.

Jordie Sparkle

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday		Monday		Tuesday	Wednesday		Thursday		Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC		BBC		PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC		BBC		BBC	BBC
7am											
8am			BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS		RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE		END OF THE WORLD NEWS		CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	TANA RADIO				THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM						
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA					PLANET LOVETRON		SWEET AND HOT		SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOL NODEDI		LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...								
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		ALTERNATIVE RADIO		MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE		DUNCAN'S DONUTS		THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm			PARTS UNKNOWN		GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN		WE ALL FALL DOWN			POWERCHORD
2pm					ARTS EXPRESS	DEMOCRACY NOW		INKSTUDS		RADIO ZERO	
					REEL TO REAL						
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	RE-BROADCAST	LET'S GET BAKED		CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO		CRIMES & TREASONS		NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm			NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS		FILL-IN						
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	EUROQUEST		WENER'S BBQ	RACHEL'S SONG		MY SCIENCE PROJECT	PEDAL REVOLUTION	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm	QUEER FM		RADIO RADIO!	RE-BROADCAST	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	SAMSQUANCHES HIDEAWAY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT		UBC-THUNDERBIRD SPORTS	NASHA VOLNA
7pm											SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDA		KARASU		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS		EXCUISITE CORPSE			
9pm	MONDO TRASHO		THE JAZZ SHOW					LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL			SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	TRANCENDANCE				CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX				SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	
11pm						HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		LAUGH TRACKS			BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE		VENGEANCE IS MINE		AURAL TENTACLES			RAW RADIO		I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
1am											
2am	BBC		BBC			BBC		BBC		BBC	BBC
3am											
4am											
5am											

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)12-3pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) 3-5pm
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!
Alternates with:

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm

TRANCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.
trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk) 12-2am An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...(Eclectic) 11-12pm
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/matt & dave (Eclectic) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peek, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantastics and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm

RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

KARUSU (World) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time Jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.
Features at 11pm.
Feb. 4: In honour of Black History Month, we feature a recording that—to this day—is still powerful and controversial: Drummer Max Roach's mighty *Freedom Now! Suite*. Roach's band plus vocalist Abbey Lincoln and percussionist Michael Olatunji. Strong, noble music with a message.
Feb. 11: Tonight's feature presents a recording by alto saxophonist/composer Ornette Coleman, who will be appearing the Sunday (Feb. 17) at the Chan Centre. This recording by essentially the same band is called Sound Grammar and it won the prestigious Pulitzer Prize. Tonight you'll hear why.
Feb. 18: Pianist/composer and jazz legend Dave Brubeck will be one of the stars of this year's Jazz Festival and tonight we'll hear one of his most amazing performances done at Carnegie Hall on Feb. 22, 1963. The band, with alto saxophone master Paul Desmond, drummer Joe Morello and bassist Eugene Wright, was on fire that night. Catch the flame!
Feb. 25: Pianist Herbie Hancock opens this year's Jazz Festival. Tonight, we'll hear one of his most creative recordings called *Inventions and Dimensions*. It was an almost totally spontaneous session with bassist Paul Chambers and two great Latin drummers: Willie Bobo and Oswaldo 'Chihuahua' Martinez. High end playing by all!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9:30am
(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!
borninsixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

ARTS EXPRESS (Talk) 2-2:30pm

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 3-3:30pm

FILL-IN 3:30-4:30pm

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm
Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

citr 101.9 fm

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE
(Eclectic) 8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON
(Electronic) 10-11:30am
With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonicmixnmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.
planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE
(Noise) 11:30am-1pm
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 2-3pm
Independent news hosted by award-winning jounalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO
(Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG
(Talk) 5-6:30pm

AND SOMETIMES WHY
(Pop/Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
First Wednesday of every month.
Alternates with:
SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY
(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUICEBOX
(Talk) 10-11PM
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!
www.juiceboxradio.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Eclectic) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT
(Talk) 10-12pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS
(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN
(Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INKSTUDS
(Talk) 2-3pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT
(Talk) 5-6pm
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, underexposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca
Alternates with:
PEDAL REVOLUTION
(Talk) 5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT
(Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychadelic, Garage, Freakbeat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE
(Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent… LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)
12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT!
(Eclectic) 8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE
(Ska) 10am-12pm
Email requests to:
djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS
(Hip Hop) 12-2pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)
2-3:30pm

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS
(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-6pm

UBC THUNDERBIRD SPORTS
(Sports) 6-10:30pm

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits, lost sould gems and contemporary artists recording in that classic soul style.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES
(Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE
(Roots)
8am-12pm
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION (Punk)
12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD
(Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World) 5-6pm
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA
(World) 6-7pm

SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM
(Dance/Electronic)
Shadow Jugglers works across musical genres including electronic and club-based music and welcomes you to broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MP, Socool, Soo & their guests. Travel through world sounds such as dub/reggae, hip hop, funk, dubstep/grime & jungle/drum and bass. Tune in and visit myspace/shadowjugglers.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop) 11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY (Electronica) 1-3am

CITR CHARTS!

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for 2007. Artists with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get them. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	Artist	Title	Label
1	The Evaporators*	Gassy Jack and Other Tales	Mint
2	Fond of Tigers*	Release the Saviours	Drip Audio
3	The Greenbelt Collective*	Our Homes	Independent
4	Elbow Beach Surf Club*	Billy Club	Burnt Oak
5	Bison*	Earthbound	Forest
6	Japandroids*	All Lies	Independent
7	The Vandelles	EP	Safranin
8	The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets*	The Shadow Out of Tim	Divine Industries
9	Corb Lund*	Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!	Stony Plain
10	The International Falls*	Achievement	Independent
11	Sudden Infant Dance Syndrome*	2 Many Babes	Melodiya
12	Luke Doucet and the White Falcon*	Blood's Too Rich	Six Shooter
13	C'Mon*	Bottled Lightning of an All Time High	Independent
14	Jeffrey Lewis	12 Crass Songs	Rough Trade
15	Okvancouverok*	I Get So Drunk About Songs About Love	Independent
16	Fancey*	Schmancey	What Are
17	Crystal Castles/Heath*	Split 7"	Lovepump United
18	Caribou*	Andorra	Merge
19	Ex-Boyfriends	In With	Absolutely Kosher
20	Sigur Ros	Hvarf/Heim	XL
21	Various Artists*	Musicworks 99	Musicworks Magazine
22	Kid Koala and Martin Tetrault*	Phon-O-Victo	Victo
23	The Hives	Black and White Album	Interscope
24	The Summerlad*	City of Noise	Saved By Radio
25	The Art Department*	The Art Department	Independent
26	Wire	Read & Burn 03	Pink Flag
27	Daft Punk	Alive 2007	Virgin
28	The Urges	Psych Ward	Off The Hip
29	David Byrne	The Knee Plays	Nonesuch
30	Th' Legendary Shack Shakers	Swampblood	Yep Roc
31	Various Artists*	Vancouver's Punk as Fuck	VPAS
32	Various Artists*	CBC Radio 3 Sessions: Volume 3	MapleMusic
33	Various Artists*	Unity: A Tribute to Desmond Dekker	Bacteria Buffet
34	Constant C*	Capes & Crowns	Independent
35	The Torrent*	EP07	Independent
36	Riff Randells*	Doublecross	Dirtnap
37	Thurston Moore	Trees Outside the Academy	Ecstatic Peace!
38	Shad*	The Old Prince	Black Box
39	Pan Sonic	Katodivaihe	Independent
40	Pinback	Autumn of the Seraphs	Touch & Go!
41	CR Avery*	Magic Hour Sailor Songs	Bongo Beat
42	Iron and Wine	The Shepherd's Dog	Sub Pop
43	Buck 65*	Situation	Warner
44	The Feminists*	Can't Scream Loud Enough	Independent
45	Soso*	Tinfoil on the Windows	Endemik Music
46	New Buffalo	Somewhere, Anywhere	Arts & Crafts
47	White Magic	Dark Stars	Drag City
48	Born Ruffians*	Hummingbird	Warp
49	The Weakerthans*	Reunion Tour	Anti-
50	Cuff the Duke*	Sidelines of the City	Hardwood

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Discorder's editor talks to

THE EDITORS Q&A

With such a massive wave of indie rock sweeping the British airways over the last few years, it can be difficult to distinguish one band from another. The Birmingham-based Editors, however, emerged from the pack with a debut platinum album back in 2005. Now, with a follow-up that has knocked the socks off the British charts and earned them a "Best British Group" nomination at this month's Brit Awards, the band is venturing across the pond to teach North America the definition of an indie rock star.

D *You were close to the top when* The Back Room *hit No. 2 on the charts in 2005, and now* An End Has a Start *has given you your first No. 1 album in the U.K. How does it feel?*

E Of course, it felt very good. You can never expect to have that level of success, but we had our fingers crossed for a No. 1. You certainly receive kudos when you have the No.1 album label.

D *Do you feel like this album is stronger than the first?*

E It's hard to compare. It certainly has more accomplished playing and more ambitious instrumentation, but that doesn't necessarily make it stronger. The first record was about a vibe, an exciting time recorded whilst we were feeling a lot of different emotions. We were dancing and aggressive, and in and out of love. I can't compare.

D *With all the British buzz around your band, you have a lot of new fans in Canada. How would you describe your sound to a new listener?*

E Somewhere in between Tecate and Courvoisier.

D *In just about every review I read of you, the bands Joy Division and Coldplay came up when describing your music. Does it bother you to be compared to the same bands all the time?*

E It gets boring, yes. We used to get asked about our influences early on. Now we get asked about whether we're bored of answering questions about our influences. I don't mind getting compared to Joy Division because I like them; Coldplay however...

D *You said that you never had to go through any of that "difficult second-album nonsense" of worrying about the new record living up to the first. Why do you think that is?*

E I think the songs we had were very good and we were riding a crest of a wave as far as success and confidence goes. Also, we had been on tour for almost two years and we were desperate to escape into the country and be creative.

D *The first album was recorded in a teeny tiny studio in a teeny tiny town. For the latest record, you worked in the luxurious Grouse Lodge in Ireland. That must have been quite a change for the band.*

E It was a similar studio in many ways but it was on a grander scale. It was nice to have the options to escape from the music if your ears needed a rest. Sometimes it helps to swim, or go to the gym or drink Guinness in excess.

D *You've worked quite a bit with Grammy Award-winning producer Jacknife Lee, who has produced some of the top artists of all time. How did you connect and what was it like working with him?*

E We held a swimsuit competition that he won with aplomb. Luckily, he turned out to be a big help in the creative process. It's very useful if you have an extra member to come in on a song, be impartial and help out with the structure.

D *You write about a lot of gloomy topics—why all the sad songs?*

E I just asked Tom and he says it's because he's a "miserable bastard." You learn something new every day.

D *While the new record maintains that same tone, the title (and the song)* An End Has a Start *seems to carry a more positive connotation. Can we expect more of this in the future or will you stick to a more melancholy persona?*

E We've always tried to have a positive edge to all of our songs no matter how dark they initially seem. The idea of this contradiction has always intrigued us.

D *In 2006, you were nominated for the Mercury Prize with a group of highly talented artists. How does it feel to be revered in the same category as those musicians?*

E That was a highlight. It's probably the most coveted prize in music and to be nominated is an honour. It's one of those competitions that you follow every year.

D *You are touring pretty much non-stop right into the spring. Do you have any strange touring rituals?*

E We have a shot of Jägermeister before the encore. It helps to keep the energy up. We like to have a little dance party before we go on as well. We had a porkpie bag that we used to dance around, but that has since perished.

D *What goals does the band have for the upcoming year?*

E Well, we have a lot of touring to do. We haven't booked any festivals yet for this year, so we aim to get some high slots. Meanwhile, I would like to buy a black Ferrari Testarossa.

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LOOK IN THE FUTURE WITH ZULU...

BLOOD ON THE WALL
Liferz CD

It's been said before, but **Blood On the Wall** feel like your buddies. They don't dress better than you, they aren't better-looking than you, and they're not trying to invent the future of music when they get on stage. They just want to play the kind of noisy, bratty, fuzzed-out jams that sound-tracked their youth — and possibly yours, too, if you're in the same age bracket as them. I'm talking about early **Sonic Youth**, **The Pixies**, and **The Jesus Lizard**: the kind of manic squall that sounds like awkward adolescents trying to wrench themselves out of their own bodies and minds with the power of noise. So, by the same token, **Blood On the Wall** are not the kind of band that really shows "progress" from album to album. They called their last disc Awesomer, even though it was pretty much exactly as awesome as their debut, and when they call this new one **Liferz**, the point is pretty clear: they're never going to change and they're never going to stop, which is terrific news for anybody who ever enjoyed flailing around in a crowded basement.

CD 14.98

HELLO BLUE ROSES
The Portrait is Finished and I have Failed to Capture Your Beauty CD

Quiet, now. Hark to the gentle coo of lovebirds giving voice to their inner twitter in the dusky twilight. But what birds are these? **Dan Bejar** of **Destroyer** and the **New Pornographers** is here, perhaps no stranger to your nest, but he's only an accomplice, an arranger. The real **Blue Rose** is **Sydney Vermont**, a Vancouver-based artist, erstwhile **Choir Practicer**, and **Bejar**'s longtime lady. **Sydney** plays the flute and acoustic guitar and sings some very sophisticated melodies that are folky and baroque, with a voice that hints at her formal training. With references to the Aquarian femme-psych of the 60's, 80's AOR (think **Kate Bush** and **Prefab Sprout**), and the sparsely sweet sound of young Scotland (**Felt** and **Orange Juice**), you'd be forgiven for noting a resemblance between **The Portrait Is Finished...** and **Destroyer**'s most esoteric opus, **Your Blues** (for which **Sydney** did the cover art, incidentally). There's a European muse at work here, too: they wrote most of the album in Spain. Suitable for quiet hours in the library or cold days on foreign shores, make **Hello Blue Roses** your art-song du jour.

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BLACK MOUNTAIN
In The Future 2CD ltd

This storm has been brewing for a while. We warned you. We tried to prepare you, while **Lightning Dust** swirled in the shadow of thunder-clouds and a **Blood Meridian** was drawn beneath the **Pink Mountaintops**. But now, my friends, **Black Mountain** has risen from the plain and towers above us all. Now is the hour to bow down to the last living prophets of true rock n' roll as they summon all the great spirits of the past to their aid. No longer will the astral ambitions of **Pink Floyd** be separated from the down-home realness of **Neil Young**. No more will lovers of caveman riffs and florid vintage synths be condemned to roam the dusty vinyl bins of history. **Stephen McBean** and his band of outsiders have come at last, straight from the streets, with a true album of scope and depth for the starsailors and headband-wearers, young and old alike. **In the Future** contains world within it's sprawling double-LP length. Nothing is left out. In troubled times, at war with ourselves, **Black Mountain** raise a banner against false idols. With a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, they will march us out of the darkness and into the future. 2-CD version with 3-song bonus disc available for a limited time.

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CAT POWER
Jukebox 2CD ltd / 1 CD

The reflection in the stream is in a state of constant change as the cold fluids move away from their melt. No matter how long you look at yourself you won't see your real face, so get use to the tear drop eyes and the silky hair waves. When you are ready, you can get in and give yourself to the interfuse flux that is life's flow motion. Feeling good, honey? **Chan Marshall** a.k.a. **Cat Power** breaks the wake and returns to 2008 with **Jukebox** — a collection of choice covers, interpretations and sonic foils. **Marshall** has grown since her stunning original **Covers Record** release, and here demonstrates why she is the preeminent voice of our shadowy generation. Balancing equal measures of tender fragility with gritty new-folk soul, **Chan** detours through the fakebook of **Dylan**, **Billie Holiday**, **James Brown**, **CCR** and others, constantly reminding one that it is indeed the singer and not the song that commands the ears to bleed for beauty. An amazing listen from start to finish.

2CD ltd 14.98 1 CD 12.98

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
s/t CD

Hailing from the ivory towers of Columbia University and the windswept cliffs of Cape Cod, these well-heeled, well-read, politely-sweatered, and curiously-named lads have have blown up the blogosphere with their wholly unforeseen brand of reggaefied, African-influenced indie-pop. With their Soukous guitar ornamented by breathless string arrangements, you might think of **Paul Simon**'s **Graceland** or the greatest hits of **Belle & Sebastian**, but with a wry, laconic punkiness that's a little bit of early-80's London and a lot of right-now New Yorker's cosmopolitanism (**Ezra Koenig**'s lyrics roam from Brooklyn to Dharamsala, collaging Louis Vuitton with reggaeton). With a sound so bright, so clean, so unfussy, and so eardeliciously catchy, they've already attracted a tsunami of hype bigger than almost any since **The Strokes**-mania of 2001. We'll be surprised, though, if these fellows can't sail safely through the riptide of overenthusiastic press: theirs is a tight ship, with several times the flotation power of a barrel of **Arctic Monkeys**.

CD 12.98

CHRIS WALLA
Field Manual CD
Deluxe Cloth Bound!

The talented Mr. **Chris Walla** is best known as the string bending guitarist for **Death Cab For Cutie** as well as the studio engineer behind the ever-enigmatic pop duo of Tegan and Sara and indie lit-rock darlings **The Decemberists**. This, his official first solo outing, adds another feather into his already well styled knit cap, as over the course of these 12 dreamy songs **Chris** and his merry music making pals (including **Kurt Dial** of **N!**) craft a very ready mix of blissed out pop mastery. **Field Manual** is just that — the definitive species collection of the last 10 years of lo-fi indie bedroom rock — a must listen for those requiring distraction from the desultory blues of the world outside.

CD $14.98

SONS AND DAUGHTERS
This Gift CD

In the chilly tenements and misty moors of Scotland, drink is the principal comfort (or so I'm told), and no one know it better than **Sons and Daughters**, who titled their first release **Love the Cup**. So **This Gift** is just what you want to hear when you're out on the tiles (that means "plastered" in the UK): a batch of hectic, hellbound murder ballads that fully electrifies their **Bad Seeds**-esque rockabilly until it starts to sound like sadly defunct art-punks **Pretty Girls Make Graves**. Frontlady **Alisdh Lennon** stalks through these snaggle-toothed songs hissing out bloodthirsty revenge-threats and vampy invitations while **Scott Paterson** and **David Gow** maintain a menacing barroom stomp. It's a bitter pint they serve, dark, heavy, and chilled to a frost, but once you acquire the taste, you may never order anything else.

CD 14.98

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS
Distortion CD

Stephen Merritt may be the greatest living songwriter in the tradition of **Gershwin** and **Cole Porter**. So prodigious are his talents that they apparently bore him into writer's block unless he can bouse himself with the self-inflicted challenge of a concept to hang his work on. Hence his **Showtunes** album, his grisly ha-ha songs for **Lemony Snicket** as **The Gothic Archies**, his I album, a narcissistic set of songs all commencing with that most assertive of letters, and most of all, the 3-CD **69 Love Songs** that established his reputation. This time he's taking on wall-of-sound fuzz-pop in the tradition of **Phil Spector** and the **Jesus and Mary Chain**. His usual cleanliness and craftsmanship get a boost from loud and dirty guitars, and that **JAMC** sound gets the brilliant songs that the brothers **Reid** were never quite clever enough to write themselves. In other words, you get perfect formalist bubblegum, populated by the usual motley mob of **Merritt** characters: courtesans who believe in Santa Claus, a nun who wants to be a porn star after Mom dies, and a zombie lover who smells like a sewer but doesn't make a sound. And of course, there's **Merritt** as his hang-dog self, drunk and out of love just in time for Valentine's.

CD 16.98

ADELE
19 CD

Okay, let's get it out of the way: NEW **AMY WINEHOUSE**. Okay, not really. That is, 19-year old **Adele Atkins** doesn't have the beehive or the lurid personal problems, so she might not grab the media's attention like the rehab-reluctant soul darling of 2007. What she does have, though, is the voice and the tunes. Her smoky, lingering vocals lament tales of lost love and heartbreak with a passion rarely found in one so young. Even before the release of her album, **Adele** had already chalked up a **Jools Holland** appearance, worked with **Mark Ronson**, signed to XL Recordings and supported **Jack Penate**, **Raul Midon**, **Amos Lee** and **Devendra Banhart**. A fan of such diverse artists as **Karen Dalton**, **Etta James**, **Billy Bragg**, **Peggy Lee**, **Jeff Buckley** and **The Cure**, **Adele**'s soul-tinged songs of loves lost and memories made are set to resonate with all who hear them, and in the end, defy the need for comparison: she stands alone, and you can look forward to seeing her go from strength to strength.

CD $16.98

DEAD MEADOW
Old Growth CD

That which dies gives its substance to new life. Decaying plant matter enriches the soil. The fern is one of the oldest varieties of plants still living on the earth, one of the first kinds of vegetation to re-emerge after forest fires and other natural disasters. The longest-lived trees are redwoods, which develop deeply furrowed bark and beardlike colonies of mosses as they witness the passing of millennia. Thus, from a **Dead Meadow** has sprung an ancient forest, where sunlight dapples the undergrowth as hoary vegetal beings communicate in a language too slow for humans to comprehend. **Dead Meadow** sounds old, not just in their borrowing of classic psych-blues tropes from **Hendrix** and **Cream** (that's only 40 years!), but in their primeval downcastness, the mournfulness of **James Simon**'s moan, lyrics lost in texture. Most of all, they exude age in their colossal **Triassic** power. Their surging boogie is sludgier than the primordial soup. Plunge into old growth's enviro/stoner-rock and evolve all over again.

CD 12.98

BRITISH SEA POWER
Do you like rock music? CD

Resident Brightonites, **British Sea Power**, have never followed the crowd. Eccentric, whimsical and blessed with the freedom that an indie label and insanely loyal fan base bring, each record has defied expectations. But until now, even their staunchest fan has felt a twinge of wistful regret; forced to admit that the band's fiery live presence has yet to be translated to disc. Determined to overcome this hurdle for their third album, **Yan**, **Noble, Hamilton**, and **Wood** (that's right, they're all one-name performers) asked themselves a question that you now need to ask yourself: Do you like rock music? If so, get ready to be blown away like the whole British Navy was firing on you. Recruiting members of **Godspeed** and **The Arcade Fire** on the production boards, **BSP** have conjured stunningly layered epic guitar-scapes with a lush, anthemic feel reminiscent of **The Arcade Fire**. With their cerebral and judicious approach to cathedral-sized bombast, we might even dub this the **Neon Bible** that could have been. Call it **Incandescent Bible**, or **Bible On Fire**. Either way, it just might save your soul.

CD 14.98

TIMES NEW VIKING
Rip It Off! CD

Today, Matador is the cruise ship of indie labels, its broad-based, mainstream-friendly bands parting the waters of the music industry with luxurious grace and assured success. Once, however, it was the upstart home to a scrappy few basement-dwellers, lo-fi pioneers like **Pavement** and **Guided By Voices** whose fuzzy, four-track amateurism and DIY ethos soundtracked the youth of a million disenfranchised rebels. And so **Times New Viking**, Columbus, Ohio's feral children, have arrived into the fold to flay anew the nerve endings of rock music, breathing the scrabrous breath of Huns and Visigoths as they sack the new Rome of "adult alternative" in the name of teenage kicks. Through the indecipherable crud of tape hiss and deliberate sound mutilation, we hear their cries of animalistic liberation: a blitzkrieg of stinging melodies and primitive riffs, a pint of fresh blood splattered in the face of complacency!

CD 12.98

THE FINE DETAILS:

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Nada Surf – Lucky
Lightspeed Champion – Falling Under the Lavender Bridge CD
The Fleshtones – Take A Good Look CD
Robert Pollard – Superman Was A Rocker CD
Radar Brothers – Auditorium CD
Theo – We Brave Bee Stings CD
Xiu Xiu – Women As Lovers CD
Louis XIV – Slick Dogs and Ponies CD
Ida – Lovers Prayers CD
Hot Water Water Music – Til the Wheels Fall Off CD
Sia – Some People Have Real Problems CD
Jeffrey Lewis – 12 Crass Songs

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Fabiola Carranza
*Hullaballoo *A collection of pennants hand-sewn from felt.*

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